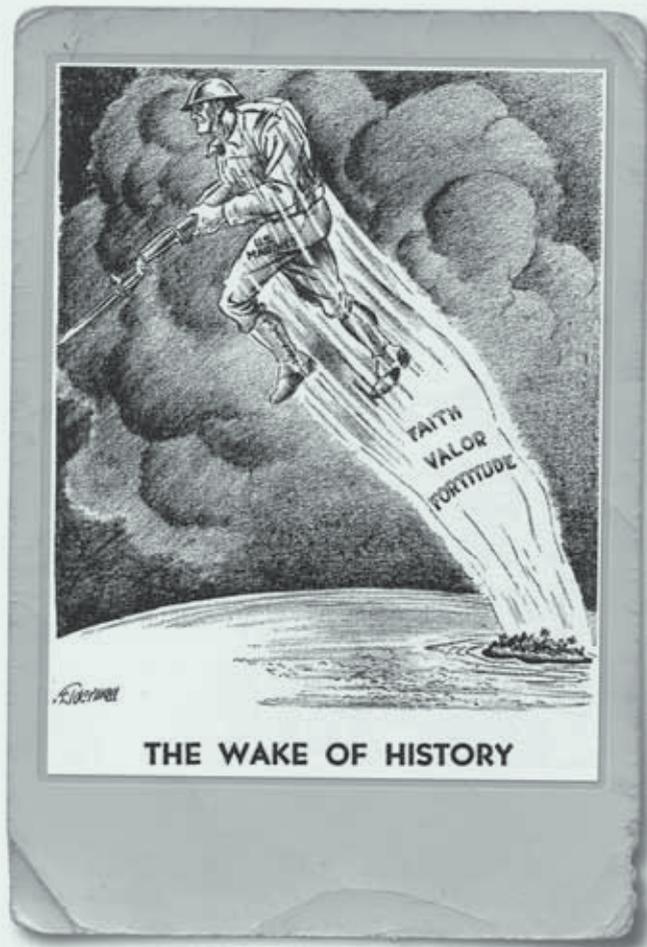


SUMMER 2012

# TANGENTS

THE JOURNAL OF THE  
MASTER OF LIBERAL ARTS PROGRAM  
AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY



## IN THIS ISSUE...

*Essays by* Eric Brown, Candy Carter,  
Laura Moore, Sheryl Nonnenberg

*Fiction by* Blair Beebe

*Poems by* Sally Lindsay Honey, Tim Noakes,  
Katherine Orloff

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# THE OTHER STEIN SALON: HOW SARAH STEIN BROUGHT MATISSE TO SAN FRANCISCO<sup>1</sup>

by Sheryl Nonnenberg

## LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We are proud to present the eleventh edition of *Tangents*, *The Journal of the Master of Liberal Arts Program at Stanford University*. This issue presents a diverse group of essays by students and alumni that deal with the following questions:

- ✧ What member of Gertrude Stein's family, whose ties can be traced to Palo Alto, California, made a significant contribution to modern art?
- ✧ How did Tolkien use *The Lord of the Rings* myth to describe the horrors of war?
- ✧ How did inter-service rivalry deprive a Navy commander of his rightful historical place in the Battle of Wake Island in World War II?
- ✧ How has the battle for resources resulted in human abuse and slavery in the Congo?

We are also pleased to offer a short story and three poems.

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

Due to the generosity of individuals, we have been able, despite financial limitations, to continue publication of *Tangents* on a reduced scale. If there is a group of MLA alumni "angels" who would like to take *Tangents* under its wing, please contact the MLA office.

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

We hope that *Tangents* will continue to showcase the varied talents of the MLA participants for years to come.



"SARAH STEIN" BY HENRI MATISSE

Most people are familiar with the fabled art salons held by Gertrude Stein and her brother Leo during the years between 1903 and 1914. In their art-filled apartment at 27 rue de Fleurus in Paris, artists, writers, dancers and playwrights came to see and be seen. It was a hotbed for new ideas, where modernism in all areas of the arts was embraced and advanced. Gertrude Stein is generally credited with promoting the avant-garde painting of the Cubists, especially Picasso, while Leo is known for his philosophical writings about aesthetics. But there is another member of the Stein family who made a significant contribution to modern art as a patron and collector, and whose ties can be traced to Palo Alto, California. Sarah Stein (also known as Sally) was married to Gertrude's brother Michael and lived from 1935 until her death in 1953 in a large, rambling house on Kingsley Street. It is a little-known but important chapter in art history, when a fabulous collection of works by Henri Matisse was loved and lost. It was also a time that helped to set the future course for a major Bay Area museum, the

San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Sarah Samuels was born in San Francisco in 1870, the daughter of a prominent attorney. She is generally described as a bright, determined woman who was the valedictorian of her high school class and who studied painting. She married Michael Stein in 1893 and they lived on O'Farrell

Street. Michael was the eldest of the five Stein children and became his siblings' guardian after the death of their parents. It was a role he would maintain throughout his life; the sensible money manager who held the reins of the family estate. Sarah and Michael had just one child, Allan, who was born in 1895. Sarah's interest in art and her quick wit would serve her well as she was introduced to her formidable sister-in-law, Gertrude. It is said that Gertrude would thrust a book of poetry at Sarah and demand that she read it; Sarah passed the test and the two enjoyed a warm relationship, even if Sarah did not understand Gertrude's alternative lifestyle with Alice B. Toklas. In 1903, Sarah and Michael followed Gertrude and Leo to Paris, where they established a home in a large loft apartment at 58 rue

Madame. It was just around the corner from the apartment shared by Leo and Gertrude, and the four became a family unit, enjoying Parisian cafes and galleries together. It was during a visit to the notorious Paris Autumn Salon of 1905 that Sarah first encountered the work of Henri Matisse, an event that would change the lives of both Sarah and Matisse.

Included in the exhibition were Matisse, Vlaminck, Derain, Dufy, Braque and Rouault. These artists, inspired by the late work of Gauguin, Cezanne and van Gogh, sought new ways to express emotion through color. Everyday objects like trees, apples and buildings were painted in bright, almost garish color; nothing was as it appeared in real life. To the visiting public, the art was shocking and unappealing. The critic Louis Vauxcelles remarked, "Ah, a Donatello, among the *Fauves* ("wild beasts"). The label stuck and Fauvism, with Matisse as its leader, ushered the way for modernism in the new century. At the center of the controversial exhibition was a painting by Matisse, *Woman in a Hat*, which was a portrait of his wife Amelie. Bold, bright swaths of color form the background of the portrait and the sitter herself is a profusion of fantastic colors applied in large, sweeping strokes. (Ironically, it is said that Madame Matisse actually posed for the painting clad totally in black). The painting caused a sensation, with Parisians openly hostile in their reactions. But if Paris could not appreciate the revolutionary work of Matisse, the expatriate Stein family could. There is a bit of historical dispute as to which of the Steins first approached Matisse with an offer for *Woman in a Hat*. According to most sources, however, it is clear that Sarah Stein played a major role in convincing her brother-in-law, Leo, to make the purchase. While Leo was the acknowledged art historian and intellectual in the family, it was Sarah who fearlessly acted in a swift and decisive manner. She knew that, in the art of Henri Matisse, she had found a cause, and Matisse recognized in her a sensitive and kindred spirit. Matisse was quoted as saying that Sarah "had the instinct in that group." She became his most ardent patron, critic and collector. Unlike Leo and Gertrude, who would eventually abandon Matisse in favor of Picasso, Sarah never wavered in her support and belief in Henri Matisse.

Sarah and Michael purchased *Woman in a Hat* from Leo (the Steins often traded art with one another) and then went on to become the artist's major collectors. From 1905 to 1907, Sarah and Michael bought such important works as *Nude Before a Screen*, *The Green Line*, *Le Bonheur de Vivre* and *The Gypsy*. Unlike most collectors

who relied upon the advice of mentors (as Isabella Stewart Gardner did with Bernard Berenson), the Michael Steins purchased art directly from the artist's studio. Sarah and Matisse became close friends; he respected her judgment and gave the Steins the first choice of his new work. Their collection grew to include all of his major work (more than forty paintings) as well as a number of small sculptures. In addition to collecting Matisse's work herself, Sarah became a proselytizer, encouraging all those who attended her weekly salons to feel her enchantment with the artist. While not everyone shared her enthusiasm, her efforts were pivotal in bringing the art of Henri Matisse to the attention of wealthy and influential collectors in America. As for Matisse, who was in every sense the struggling artist, the support of Sarah Stein sustained him in "my passionate years of work, turmoil and anxiety" prior to World War I.

Sarah and Michael returned from Paris to California in 1906 in order to assess the damage to their real estate investments caused by the earthquake. In her luggage, Sarah packed several paintings by Matisse and invited her San Francisco friends to view his work. Their negative reaction was similar to those of the Parisians. Sarah was successful, however, in enticing collectors George Of, Claribel and Etta Cone of Baltimore, and Dr. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia to buy the artist's paintings. Upon their return to Paris six months later, Sarah was more determined than ever to surround herself with nothing but the work of Henri Matisse. The walls at 58 rue Madame were soon filled with paintings, which took center stage at the weekly salons where Sarah would lecture on the artist's revolutionary new vision. Soon, Sarah and Michael decided that larger living quarters were in order and they began working with rising young Swiss architect Le Corbusier in planning a new home that would be built in Garches, a suburb of Paris. Called *Les Terrasses*, the house was a milestone of modern architecture and the largest house designed by Le Corbusier in the 1920s. It was boldly modern, with white walls, a flat facade and a ribbon of windows. The house provided a perfect backdrop for the extensive Matisse collection, although skeptical neighbors referred to it as "a box with windows." Completed in 1927, the house was a family home and art gallery until 1935 when, frightened by the rise of Adolph Hitler, the Steins decided that it was time to return to the United States.

While *Les Terrasses* was a bold new architectural statement, the Stein's new home in Palo Alto was

decidedly more traditional. Located on a quiet street among Victorians and Queen Annes, the Stein's Palo Alto manse was large and welcoming, with an imposing front porch and expansive, open foyer. Sarah filled the house with her beloved Matisse paintings and Michael improved the large garden. After Michael's death in 1938, Sarah had the companionship of her grandson, Danny, and the ever-growing numbers of visitors eager to see her art collection. Specifically, there were students and professors from Stanford University who came for informal tours and tea. According to writer Aline B. Saarinen in her seminal book on American art collectors, *The Proud Possessors*, Sarah would unwrap Matisse's letters (kept in towels) and read them to her rapt audience. Dr. Jeffery Smith, Professor of Humanities and Philosophy, became a good friend to the aging collector and chronicled the history of her Matisse collection.

Sarah became more and more involved with the University and, according to several sources, revised her will to leave the bulk of her impressive art collection to the school. Had that happened, Stanford University would have been home to the finest and most representative collection of the work of Henri Matisse outside of France. Unfortunately, two unexpected events occurred that would alter the fate of the Stein collection.

By 1947, except for her grandson, Sarah was the only surviving member of the Stein family. A lonely widow, she took comfort in her grandson Danny and her beloved Matisse paintings. According to author Saarinen, Danny had a fondness for race horses, and talked his grandmother into supporting his hobby and eventually into buying him a ranch. Soon, the now-valuable paintings began to be sold.<sup>2</sup> At the same time, Sarah began to suffer from what would now be called dementia, or perhaps even Alzheimer's disease. Unscrupulous dealers preyed upon her, offering her paltry sums for the paintings. She would also "throw in" Matisse bronzes to dealers who paid reasonable prices for paintings. When her friends, collectors Harriet Levy and Mrs. Walter Haas, heard of the situation, they persuaded her to give them first choice of any paintings for sale, ensuring that she would receive a fair price. Other American collectors, such as Nathan Cummings in Chicago and the Cone sisters in Baltimore, purchased works from Sarah and, soon, much of the collection was dispersed. Sarah's mind continued to deteriorate and in her last three years she was barely lucid. She died in 1953, her collection sold and her correspondence with Matisse destroyed.

Fortunately, thanks to the efforts of Harriet Levy and Elise Haas, the contributions of Sarah and Michael Stein to the art world have not been forgotten. Haas purchased a Matisse portrait of Sarah Stein and donated it to the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. She was successful in getting Nathan Cummings to do the same with a portrait of Michael. It was the beginning of the Sarah and Michael Stein Memorial Collection, still owned by the museum. Harriet Levy, whose collection was formed with the advice of the Steins, bequeathed her own collection to SFMOMA, including the groundbreaking *Woman in a Hat*. Hilary Spurling, in her award-winning biography, *The Unknown Matisse*, notes that "thanks to Sarah Stein and her circle, San Francisco possesses unusually rich holdings of Matisse's early experimental work" (Spurling 352).

In 1955, SFMOMA director Grace McCann Morley wrote that "The Michael Steins...aided directly and indirectly the Museum's growth, its public in the region and the regard for Matisse's work and ownership of it here." And while the Steins are both credited with finding and supporting Henri Matisse, there is no doubt that Sarah was the force behind the artist's eventual recognition and success. She is, perhaps, the least known of the legendary Steins, but her legacy is rich and enduring.

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Spurling, Hilary, *The Unknown Matisse, 1869-1908*, New York: Alfred Knopf, 1998.

Saarinen, Aline, *The Proud Possessors*, New York: Random House, 1958.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Originally published in the Summer 2010 issue of *Artworks* magazine (now defunct). In May, 2011, SFMOMA presented a major traveling exhibition that reunited the collections of the Stein family. The presentation included a re-creation of Leo and Gertrude's Paris Salon – often called the "first museum of modern art" – as well as photographs of the Steins at home and personal correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art held a Matisse retrospective in 1936.

## DESCENT FROM HEMLOCK'S MOUNTAIN<sup>1</sup>

by Tim Noakes

Life for others went on as normal  
Around this tweeded professorial male,  
Neighborhood children to school, adults to work.  
He let his head droop for a moment, then  
Straddled the bike  
And began to ride,  
Leaving his helmet purposely behind, swinging  
upon a hook  
In the darkness of the quiet garage.

The heavy congestion of the world disappeared  
When he reached the climb,  
Redwoods surrounding him in their tall glory.  
His legs screamed with each pedal stroke  
With burning, burning, burning  
Of labored effort. Hearing loudly  
His metronomic breathing in the silence of the trees.  
Each switchback brought him closer to oblivion,  
Another tight turn and then the steep grade.  
Oh, he felt so alive when his legs hurt such!

The Redwoods paralleled his efforts,  
High walls of red bark and green limbs  
All reaching upwards like his striving,  
And his terror, would they also come for him,  
Like Socrates, innocently  
Marching through the Agora,  
Holding a boy too lovingly in wisdom's grasp.

When the summit appeared  
He stopped,  
Once again permitting the California beauty  
To embrace his body, sweat and smells  
Comingling erotically.

It was quite simple, really.  
He pushed off with his leg and the bike,  
Miraculously, magically, began to accelerate,  
Submitting to the benevolent and compassionate  
nature of gravity.  
He looked behind as his speed increased  
Back at the road he would never see again,  
Holding on to it dearly, imprinting it in his mind

As the trees roared past him in his quickening pace.  
Reluctantly, he turned forward towards his final fate,  
Tears streaming in the wind.  
*There there there there,*  
It must be soon.

Remember, the tragic *Symphony*  
*In A minor*: its perfect crescendo,  
The conductor increasing his tempo,  
The violins frantically playing and, in the background,  
A cello, deep and sad, a lonely counterpoint.  
*There there there there,*  
It must be soon.  
It will be tragic. It must.  
Another tight turn,  
Right, left, right, then a long straightaway.  
Yes, the symphony is coming alive!  
I am the music.  
Ah, the straightaway. Faster, faster, faster.  
*There there there there,*  
It is coming!  
I am afraid.  
Must I? I must.

*There there there there,*  
And upon the spot,  
The *there* he claimed was his.  
He did not turn to follow the road  
But joined the tops of the Redwoods  
As they held deep into the ground.

The conductor's baton dropped.

*Al fine.*

<sup>1</sup> A local professor died in a bicycle accident after falling off a cliff in the mountains northwest of Stanford University. It is believed that his death may have been a carefully planned suicide. There was an ongoing police investigation of an alleged illicit relationship with a minor.

In a conversation with his friend C. S. Lewis, Tolkien argued that myths are not "lies," but rather authors' attempts to become "sub-creators" by inventing stories that lead mankind toward fundamental truths.<sup>1</sup> Possibly as a means of mental escape during dreary trench rotations in the Battle of the Somme, Tolkien began sketching a mythology to support the languages he had developed as a youth. His masterpiece, *The Lord of the Rings*, written in the 1930s and 40s, became the final segment of his mythopoeic works about Middle-Earth, a realm he imagined as a mythical parallel to pre-Christian Europe. It tells of a quest to destroy the Ring of Power created by Sauron, the Dark Lord of Middle-Earth. Tolkien did not set out to write about his war experience, but somewhere between the conception and the production, the story designed to provide a further context for his languages became an epic in which he battled the nihilism, despair, and meaninglessness of modernity. What resulted was both richly archaic and distinctly modern: a mythic quest whose reworking of traditional tropes provides moral anchors for a world he viewed as unmoored by a total war and its aftermath.

## Steering Towards the True Harbour: Tolkien's Response to World War I

by Laura Moore

### DEFINING FRIENDSHIPS

At King Edward's School in Birmingham, the young Tolkien helped form a literary club; at its nucleus were Tolkien and his closest friends, scholars in their own right who enthusiastically encouraged each other's interests and writings. Tolkien's friends provided crucial support and inspiration for the budding philologist and writer, and the four continued their creative collaboration after they went their separate ways to Oxford and Cambridge.

When war broke out, Tolkien postponed enlisting until he finished his degree in June of 1915, when he was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers. Early in 1916, Tolkien was appointed battalion signaling officer, and arrived in France on June 4, 1916. On the first day of the Somme Offensive, his close friend Rob Gilson was killed; six months later, as Tolkien was in the hospital recuperating from trench fever, he received word that his close friend Geoffrey Smith had died. Tolkien continued to be plagued by trench fever and never returned to combat; by the spring of 1918, his entire battalion was either killed or captured.

### TOLKIEN'S RESPONSE TO WAR

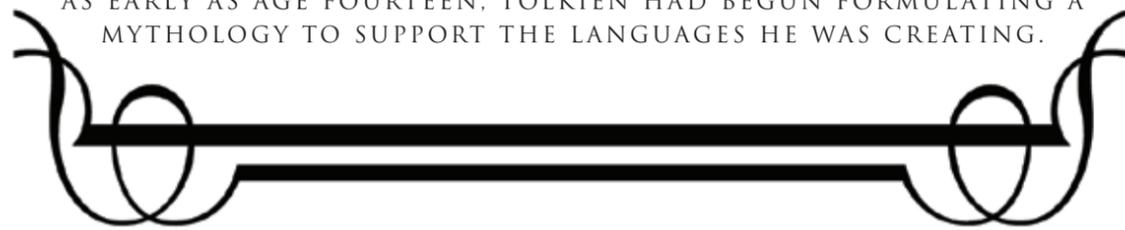
As early as age fourteen, Tolkien had begun formulating a mythology (Carpenter *Biography* 72) to support the languages he was creating,<sup>2</sup> but it was during his service in World War I that he committed the mythology to paper. Distressed by the conditions of the trenches and the dehumanizing effects of mechanized warfare, Tolkien began making notes in "grimy canteens, at lectures in cold fogs, in huts full of blasphemy and smut, or by candle light in bell-tents, even some down in dugouts under shell fire" (Carpenter *Letters* 78). Years later, a letter to his son Christopher, who was serving as an R.A.F. pilot in World War II, provides insight into Tolkien's desire to wrench meaning out of the chaos. "I sense amongst all your pains... the desire to express your feeling about good, evil, fair, foul in some way: to rationalize it, and prevent it just festering" (78). Acutely aware of war's far-reaching destruction, Tolkien lamented the "utter stupid waste of war, not only material but moral and spiritual" (Garth *Threshold* 260). He sought through his mythological epics to reclaim that waste and to pay tribute to his fallen friends by carrying on the creative work they had shared before the war.

The result was his body of fantasy. Although the stories are set in an alternate, mythological past of Britain, they are tied to Tolkien's own experiences with the "terrible birth pangs" of modernity (Garth 307). In contrast to many of his contemporaries, he believed that discarding myths and traditions created "a large hole in our imaginative grasp of reality; we lack working imaginative constructs to do justice to our real sense that there is radical or at least inexplicable evil in our experience" (Helms 44). Drawing on the motifs of medieval chivalric romances in *The Lord of the Rings*, Tolkien places his war memories in a mythological past; by doing so, he can honor the courage of the common soldier while also "criticizing the modern trend toward anonymous and mechanized war" (Croft 25). Just as Tolkien argues that the author of *Beowulf* addresses the universal struggle against evil by pitting the hero against monsters rather than specific tribes (Tolkien *Beowulf*), Tolkien's epic depicts mythological battles to render universal meaning out of the experience of the Great War.

need only the Ring to rule the earth. The quest is fairly simple: Frodo and the Fellowship—three other Hobbits, two men, a Dwarf, an Elf, and a Wizard—set out to bring the Ring deep into Mordor in order to destroy it in the fires of Mt. Doom. Along the way they encounter dangers and difficulties.

At first glance this echoes the sort of quests all English schoolboys were familiar with when they later went off to the grand adventure of the Great War. As Fussel observes, "The experiences of a man going up the line to his destiny cannot help seeming to him like those of a hero of medieval romance if his imagination has been steeped in actual literary romances or their equivalent" (Fussel 133). But by using a mythological, fantastical setting for his story, Tolkien gives new life to heroic tropes. For instance, the metaphor of a road, a pathway, or a journey is fundamental to quest literature, and just as fundamental to war narratives. The road Tolkien travelled as a lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers appears indirectly in *The Lord of the Rings*, as the Fellowship

AS EARLY AS AGE FOURTEEN, TOLKIEN HAD BEGUN FORMULATING A MYTHOLOGY TO SUPPORT THE LANGUAGES HE WAS CREATING.



#### THE HEROIC QUEST

The unprecedented death toll and dehumanizing, anti-heroic weapons of World War I "stripped heroic associations from battle and led to disillusionment and the ironic response on the part of many writers" (28). However, for Tolkien, associations with heroic literature provided him with a way to impart meaning into an incomprehensible war experience by framing it in the familiar. Tolkien structures his epic as a heroic quest. Frodo Baggins, a small creature in a region so obscure that most of Middle-Earth has forgotten its existence, inherits a ring with the unusual power to render its wearer invisible. As it turns out, this is the Ring of Power, the one that the Dark Lord of Mordor, Sauron, forged ages ago in order to wield power over all Middle-Earth. It was lost more than two thousand years ago after a great battle involving an alliance of Men and Elves against the dark forces of Mordor, until the Ring eventually found its way to Frodo's uncle. Now Sauron and his allies have been gaining strength and

wends its way through unfamiliar lands. However, Tolkien adds poignancy to the road metaphor through a supernatural twist in the final book, *The Return of the King*. One of the leaders, Aragorn, must traverse the Paths of the Dead on his way to defend the city of Minas Tirith. The danger of this pathway is different, for it is haunted by a dead army. Centuries before, the ghost soldiers had betrayed Aragorn's ancestor and were cursed to linger forever in the bowels of the mountain. Tolkien's spectral relics of long ago battle have their counterparts in Flanders and France, in the "millions of the mouthless dead" who walk through dreams "in pale battalions" (Robert 356), and in "the long procession of spirits of those whose very graves could not be found" (Mottram 5). By creating a pathway haunted by actual spectres who participate in the story and eventually are redeemed of their curse, Tolkien simultaneously pays homage to archetypes of traditional literature and to the experience of his fellow soldiers.

#### THE COMMON SOLDIER

Through *The Lord of the Rings*, Tolkien presents the experience of the common soldiers he had observed in the trenches, whose experiences bore little resemblance to heroic tales. He does this through focusing much of the narrative on the Hobbits, provincial folk who are half the physical stature of men and Elves. In the beginning of the quest, Frodo, his trusty gardener Sam, and two other young Hobbits, Pippin and Merry, bumble anxiously out of the Shire and past several alarming encounters that hint at perils to come. Through these early chapters, Tolkien develops a connection between the reader and the "Halflings," for they are regular, simple creatures who are mostly concerned with home, friends, farming and food. Past lore is interesting, especially as stories, but is entirely outside the Hobbits' province. The songs of grand adventures they grew up hearing are merely diversions at family gatherings, not reality, and only gradually do they begin to see themselves as having a place in those legends. The Hobbits have no more sense of what it would be like of be part of the great conflicts in folklore than young men in 1914 knew how it would feel to be outnumbered by Saracens. In actuality, no tales from the past could have portrayed the horrors of the conflicts.

Merry and Pippin, in particular, give their suffering a kind of dignity through their cheerful willingness to endure. By focusing most of the story on the Hobbits, Tolkien elevates the role of those caught unawares and unprepared by the events of their time. In doing so, he gives meaning and hope to the battle against evil, no matter how humble those caught in it and how overwhelming the struggle. Tolkien's Halfling heroes triumph, or at least survive, because of their strength of character. Their lack of traditional hero credentials is not important to the quest, as no one could be adequate to the task. Yet the Hobbits' humble stature and background are important to the story, for the ultimate success of the quest depends on a new kind of heroism.

#### TOLKIEN'S HEROIC MODEL

Frodo's character is particularly intriguing within the heroic structure, for it reveals Tolkien's idea of true heroism—a vision both modern and timeless. Frodo's un-warlike qualities of compassion and mercy set him apart from the heroic tradition, yet imbue him with strength. Gradually, and with a bit of guidance, he develops into a hero. When Frodo first learns of Gollum, a creeping, murderous creature corrupted by

the Ring and desperate to reclaim it, he remarks that it was a pity that Bilbo "did not stab that vile creature, when he had a chance!" The wizard Gandalf replies, "Pity? It was Pity that stayed his hand. Pity, and Mercy: not to strike without need" (Tolkien *Ring* 68). As Frodo progresses on his journey, he develops both pity and mercy, qualities that have a crucial role in his survival and ultimate success. Gandalf helps to illuminate their role. He tells Frodo that Bilbo was "rewarded" for his pity. He "took so little hurt from the evil [of the Ring], and escaped in the end, because he began his ownership of the Ring" (68) by having compassion for Gollum. In other words, Bilbo's qualities—his pity and mercy—steered him against the corrupting influence of the Ring and enabled him to part with it without damage to his soul. Paradoxically, the development of pity and mercy in Frodo comes as a result of the tremendous burden of the Ring, yet acts as a bulwark against its corrupting power. The longer Frodo bears the Ring, the greater its weight and the stronger its influence. It wears him like an anvil around his soul. But because he understands the tremendous pull of evil, he understands how Gollum became corrupted and pitiable. The insight of experience gives Frodo compassion, and that compassion prompts Frodo to protect Gollum on several occasions, as well as allow the creature to accompany him and Sam to Mordor.

The mercy Frodo shows Gollum proves to be, quite literally, his saving grace. On the edge of Mt. Doom when it is time to throw the Ring into the fire, Frodo's strength fails. He is overcome by the Ring and instead of destroying it, claims it for his own. Gollum, sneaking behind, seizes his chance to repossess the Ring and bites off Frodo's finger. Then, leaping in glee, he falls into the fires of Mt. Doom, destroying the Ring. Significantly, when Frodo's strength fails, he, and in fact all of Middle-Earth, is saved by the grace he showed another.

#### SACRIFICE AND THE HERO

Tolkien is not blind to the lasting effects of battle; the four Hobbits return to their beloved Shire in a certain amount of glory, but Frodo cannot return to his old life. He gradually withdraws, and eventually tells Sam that he plans to leave Middle-Earth with the departing Elves. "It must often be so, Sam, when things are in danger: some one has to give them up, lose them, so that others may keep them" (Tolkien *Return* 382). Tolkien knew what it was to be a war survivor, and he knew the cost of sacrifice. The sense of sadness and resignation that pervades the last chapter reflects the

difficulties of coping with a new world born out of the destruction of the old. In a rare moment of rest, Frodo and Sam speculate on the songs that will be sung of them. Frodo muses, "You may know, or guess, what kind of a tale it is, happy-ending or sad-ending, but the people in it don't know. And you don't want them to" (Tolkien *Towers* 298). He recognizes he has a place in the story of Middle-Earth and the battle to destroy the Ring, but he does not know the ending; he is not the storyteller and can dictate neither his role nor the ultimate outcome. He can determine only his actions within the story, and hope—probably in vain—that he will live to see the result.

#### CONCLUSION

The tension between free will and fate links Tolkien's epic to ancient literature, but it also speaks directly to the crises of the twentieth century. Those "caught in youth in 1914," as well as those like his son who were caught in youth during World War II, could not control the events of their time any more than could

the characters in *The Lord of the Rings*; however, they could determine their response to those events and the way they perform the duties thrust upon them.

Through his mythology, Tolkien infused his and his friends' experiences into his writing. Far from glorifying the naïve optimism or mindless jingoism that characterized the early attitudes in World War I, *The Lord of the Rings* affirms the values that enable people to endure and transcend the horrors of war. However agonizing the quest to destroy the Ring, however terrifying and gruesome the battles, the Hobbits know the darkness that otherwise would envelop Middle-Earth would be far worse. Therefore, what emerges from their efforts is a heroic tale of unlikely heroes whose qualities of endurance, loyalty, and mercy defeat tyranny and restore their homeland. Tolkien imagined his epic not to provide an escape from war, but to present a reflection of it, transformed into mythology, which could impart meaning to the cataclysm that defined his generation.

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#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Full quotation: "We have come from God, and inevitably the myths woven by us, though they contain error, will also reflect a splintered fragment of the true light, the eternal truth that is with God. Indeed only by myth-making, only by becoming 'sub-creator' and inventing stories, can Man aspire to the state of perfection that he knew before the Fall. Our myths may be misguided, but they steer however shakily towards the true harbour, while materialistic 'progress' leads only to a yawning abyss and the Iron Crown of the power of evil." Humphrey Carpenter, *J.R.R. Tolkien: A Biography* (New York, NY: Houghton Mifflin Company, 2000) 151.

<sup>2</sup> In addition to mastering Latin, Greek, Welsh, Anglo-Saxon, Old Norse, and Gothic, Tolkien created his own languages beginning at the age of thirteen. His *London Times* obituary reported, "This was no arbitrary gibberish but a really possible tongue with consistent roots, sound laws, and inflexions. . . and strange as the exercise may seem it was undoubtedly the source of that unparalleled richness and concreteness which later distinguished him from all other philologists," as quoted in Bradley J. Birzer, *J.R.R. Tolkien's Sanctifying Myth* (Wilmington, DE: ISI Books, 2002) 28-29.

## I LOVE YOU INSIDE THE SUNLIGHT...

by Katherine Orloff

I love you inside the sunlight.  
Where it's warm and bright and lighter still, beyond.  
Innumerably beyond...  
As the light loves its sun  
And the sun loves another  
I hold you in their lineage,  
And do my loving in the light.

But also inside dusk do I love thee.  
When the air is soft  
And the light is quiet  
And life seems seamless and fragrant with nothing.  
I spin with the moon and travel twin-like to its orbit.  
Loosening you from my grip and fingertips,  
I scatter you to a lunar-kin,  
Asking her to hold you until my return...  
Until I seek you out again.

And so it has been –  
Between the lights of sunrise and set  
A love,  
Locked in earth's spatial mates, one fixed, one free. With clarity  
I see now –  
Why dawn has my heart,  
Why dusk is always vying for my affections.  
In the shine and shade of me has been the holding of you.  
From bright to dim and back again, all lights  
Explain you.

My Great Nothing! It's you!  
I ascend you to the stars;  
The depths of another's view.  
I depart you to the light,  
Where its brighter still, beyond.  
Innumerably do I love you,  
And I do.  
Love you.  
Without the you and me of course.

Amidst this talk of life and light, She interrupts!  
Tells me I never was....  
She was right.  
I never was, and we never were.  
Yet there we are, encased in the alpenglow and twilight.  
My love, your light,  
Forever bound in this day's day,  
And tonight's night.



# GATHERING STORM *Berkeley, 1979*

by Blair Beebe

The man lying shivering on the ground at People's Park hadn't said a word for several hours. Some of the homeless men who had been sitting on wooden boxes nearby covered him with newspapers and a dirty blanket they had pulled from his shopping cart.

"How long has he been that way?" Charles asked.

The others shrugged their shoulders or turned away. Finally, one of them said, "He was sick yesterday too."

Charles moved closer and kneeled down to get a better look at his face. "You all right?" he asked.

The emaciated man was shaking so hard that his teeth were chattering and he made no sign that he had heard. He had a shaggy dark-brown beard and tangled hair, and his wasted face was caked with grime. Charles supposed that the man was having a seizure — or maybe just chills from spiking a fever — but whatever it was, the trembling wasn't stopping.

"Someone ought to call an ambulance," Charles said.

The men nodded, but they all remained silent. The only payphone was two blocks away inside a pharmacy, and the employees chased away homeless people who tried to enter. None of the men would have admitted to having money, and anyway, they had heard that the phone didn't work most of the time.

"OK, I'll go," Charles said. He didn't have any coins for the public phone either, but a secretary in the Anthropology Department on the campus would sometimes let him use her telephone for local calls. In spite of his unkempt Berkeley student appearance, Charles was rather handsome, with his long hair that he wore in a ponytail, and a slender build that many young women found attractive. He often stopped at People's Park to talk with the homeless people and knew many of them by name. The university had bought the property a few years before and had torn down the existing buildings to make way for student residence halls, but construction had never begun because of a lack of money.

Squatters had taken over the vacant lot, resulting in a confrontation, first with the university president and the police, then with the governor, and finally with the National Guard. A protestor had died of a gunshot wound and another was partially blinded from tear gas, leading to more outrage toward civil authority by some Berkeley residents, already aroused with anger about the Vietnam War. People's Park had provided another opportunity to defy the establishment, and the squatters were still there a decade later.

Charles had been only a high school student at the time of the original conflict, but he now felt a sense of kinship with the people and the park that he associated with the protest. He hated the war, and his father had helped him obtain a draft deferral to attend U.C. Berkeley after his high school graduation. His older sister Lynn had actually volunteered to join the Navy, an act that Charles could never understand or forgive. Worse, she still participated in the Navy reserves.

He left the park and ran the three blocks on Telegraph Avenue towards the campus past little shops, and entered through Sather Gate. He hardly noticed the young woman speaking into a bullhorn from the steps of one of the buildings nearby; demonstrations were daily lunchtime events. The secretary wasn't in the department office, but he knew how to obtain an outside line, so he helped himself to the phone and dialed for an ambulance. The voice on the other end asked for the name and address of the patient.

"He's in People's Park. I don't know his name."

After a short silence the voice asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm a student."

"Do you have a name?"

Charles gave his name to the voice.

"Why are you calling for an ambulance?"

"The man is lying on the ground having seizures. They won't stop."

After another short delay the voice said, "All right. We'll send an ambulance."

Charles hung up and walked back outside, stopping to listen for a few minutes to the young woman speaking on the bullhorn. She was talking about animal rights and the cruel experiments that universities and pharmaceutical companies routinely performed. He wanted to be sure that the ambulance came, so he turned around and walked back toward the park.

When he arrived, he found that the men sitting on the boxes hadn't moved and were still staring at the shaking victim. Charles noticed that the sick man's head was bumping against the bare ground, and so he lifted it in order to wad newspapers underneath. The man's skin was hot, and he didn't respond to having his head moved.

The ambulance still hadn't come, so Charles joined the other men waiting silently. When he looked closer, he realized that the sick man's age probably wasn't more than thirty, just a few years older than Charles himself.

After several more minutes, an ambulance eased into a parking space nearby, and two attendants got out. They opened the rear door to retrieve a gurney and rolled it toward the group surrounding the victim on the ground. Some of the homeless men moved aside to make room for the attendants to lift the man onto the gurney.

"What's his name?" One of them asked.

No one answered at first, but then two of the men responded at the same time. "Lance," they said.

"Is that his last name?"

The two men looked at each other, and then one said, "Lance isn't his real name. He told us he was a lance corporal in the Marines in Vietnam — so we call him Lance."

An attendant checked the patient's pockets but found no identification.

"Where are you taking him?" Charles asked.

The attendants seemed surprised by the question. "The county hospital," one of them answered.

"Alta Bates Hospital is a lot closer," Charles said.

The attendants looked at each other, shook their heads, and loaded the gurney and patient into the ambulance. One started an IV, while the other set up an oxygen mask.

"Can I go with him?" Charles asked.

"You a relative?"

Charles shook his head. "No."

"You can catch up with him later at the hospital," one of the attendants said.

The men in the park still watched as the ambulance moved off slowly with the traffic. Charles stood there staring for several minutes after it disappeared, and then began walking back toward the university. He would be late for his seminar because of his detour at the park, and the professor always made sarcastic remarks about students who arrived late.

When he reached Bancroft Avenue on the edge of the campus, he turned left away from the building where the seminar was being held and walked downhill. He slipped his hand into his pocket to be sure that he had the BART card that his mother bought for him every week for his commute from San Francisco.

The station was nearby on Shattuck, only a short distance from the campus. He could take BART to the Lake Merritt station and then go on foot the rest of the way to Highland Hospital, the charity medical center for Alameda County. The climb up the hill to the hospital would be long, but he had grown up walking all over San Francisco and didn't mind. The weather was perfect as usual, and Charles enjoyed being out in the warm sun.

Since it was early, the emergency room hadn't yet filled, and he had to wait only a few minutes to speak to the medical assistant at the triage desk. He noted the bored people sitting in the waiting room trying to ignore the loud television set hawking detergents and frozen ready-to-eat meals. Near a door leading to treatment rooms in the back, a large elderly woman was lying on a gurney under a sheet with her bare feet sticking out. She had turned on her side facing the wall.

When it was his turn, he told his story to the woman at the desk, who eyed him suspiciously and got up to find a nurse. She appeared almost immediately.

"You know the unconscious man we received from Berkeley a little while ago?" the nurse asked.

"No," Charles said, "but I was the one who called the ambulance."

"Do you know his name?"

Charles told her what he knew, including the story

# WINFIELD SCOTT CUNNINGHAM: THE FORGOTTEN HERO OF WAKE ISLAND

by Candy Carter



Wake Island, a small coral atoll in the Pacific Ocean, was captured by the Japanese on December 23, 1941, less than two weeks after the attack on Pearl Harbor that began World War II. When “Wake Island” Marine aviator John Kinney escaped after three years as a prisoner of war of the Japanese, he was in a unique position to give a first-hand account of the battle because—unlike writers who had covered the event—he had been at the siege from the initial Japanese attack to the final U.S. capitulation. Kinney discovered that as he and fellow POWs languished in prison camps, their plucky defense had entered the realm of legend: the first war movie of World War II depicted the battle; the Marine Corps (USMC) had evolved into an elite fighting force; and the purported commander of the island’s defense, Major James P. S. Devereux, was a household name. Kinney, however, was puzzled. Why was Winfield Scott Cunningham, the commanding officer of Wake Island, missing in nearly all articles Kinney read? Why was Devereux—one of several officers of the same rank sharing in the defense—so ubiquitous in accounts (Kinney 162-163)? Kinney was one of the first to question Cunningham’s relative obscurity. The controversy grew, remaining unresolved even today. By overlooking naval Commander Cunningham’s leadership in the Wake Island defense, both military and media propagated misinformation that damaged his reputation while falsely inflating another’s.

Wake Island’s defense lasted only sixteen days. Dazed by the Pearl Harbor attack on December 7, 1941, the American public was eager for good news. Stories of Wake’s resistance had all the elements of a legend: ragtag underdogs, a vicious opponent, and Yankee know-how. Despite daily radio reports from Cunningham to Pearl Harbor, the Navy did not dispatch official press releases about Wake’s defense until December 11. On that day, the Navy reported that a “Marine garrison” had sunk at least two Japanese vessels. Neither Cunningham nor Devereux was named; instead a “small band of Devil Dogs” was credited with the defense (Moran 90).

The Navy had many reasons to downplay the story, and their silence was a major factor in Cunningham’s disappearance from heroic media depictions of the siege. Pearl Harbor was a black spot on the Navy’s record. Naval historian Robert Cressman points out that when a second Navy base—Wake Island—was under attack less than a day later, publicists were slow to issue another report of apparent naval unpreparedness (257). Gregory Urwin, who has written extensively on Wake Island, speculates that the Navy also withheld names so

about the patient’s Marine Corps service. “Maybe you could see if someone from the VA could help identify him.”

“Thank you, we’ll try. How did you become involved?” she asked.

“Sometimes I talk with the homeless people in that park.”

She squinted and cocked her head, as if trying to get a better look at this good Samaritan.

“Is he going to be all right?” Charles asked.

“He’s septic,” the nurse said. “Do you know what that means?”

Charles hesitated. “No, but it sounds bad.”

“It means he has a severe infection in his blood,” she said. “He hasn’t regained consciousness, and his blood pressure is very low.”

“Will he live?”

“Probably not.”

Charles looked down at the floor, and in a low voice asked, “How did he get sick?”

“He’s an IV drug user. You can tell because he has needle marks all over his arms. Didn’t you know?”

“No,” he said. “Are the needles the reason that he’s septic?”

“Yes,” she said. “Dirty IV needles introduce germs into the bloodstream. He probably has bacteria growing in most of his organs, including his heart valves and probably his brain.”

He pursed his lips and squirmed. “Can’t you treat it?”

“We have him on three antibiotics—industrial strength—but his chances of survival are slim all the same.”

Charles felt himself suffocating and decided to leave. He said softly, “Thank you.”

As he turned to walk away, the nurse said, “Don’t you want to see him?”

He stopped and tried to make up his mind. “Sure. Why not?”

She led him into the treatment area where one patient was vomiting and another moaning loudly. In the bright lights of the emergency department, Lance looked ghastly, and he appeared to have difficulty breathing. The nurses had cleaned him up a little, but his dusky-blue color looked like death. IV fluids were running in both arms and an oxygen mask

covered his mouth and nose.

Charles noticed some raised reddish-blue patches on Lance’s skin. He pointed and asked the nurse, “What’s that?”

“We’re not sure,” she said. “The doctor took a punch biopsy. He thinks it may be a type of cancer called Kaposi’s sarcoma. Some of our doctors also work part-time at San Francisco General, and they’ve seen the same thing there in gay men with a new mysterious fatal disease.”

“I see,” Charles said, not understanding anything.

“You can check on him later, but he might not last long.”

Charles chewed on his lower lip, and once more mouthed the words, “Thank you.” Then he turned and walked slowly toward the door.

Outside, he hastened his step to move quickly past an ambulance unloading another patient hidden behind an oxygen mask, and soon he had left the chaos and bad smells of the emergency room behind him. He began the steep descent back down to the Lake Merritt BART station and took deep breaths, becoming more aware of the bright sky and the intense green of the trees lining the streets, but he couldn’t dispel the image in his mind of Lance’s wasted body lying on the gurney.

Rush hour had started, and trains to San Francisco arrived frequently. Most passengers at that hour would be commuting out of San Francisco, so trains into the city were relatively less crowded, and he was able to collapse into a seat and stare mindlessly at the derelict buildings of West Oakland and the dark walls of the BART tunnel under the bay. He needed some relief and knew just what to do.

He emerged from the BART station at Sixteenth and Mission and headed toward what he had described to his adoring mother as a men’s athletic club. She had thought it would benefit his slender frame and had slipped him the money for a membership that included use of a sauna, a spa, and some private rooms. Inside the entrance, a man in a white tee shirt and tight pants handed him a towel, and Charles went to a cubicle to remove his clothes. Then he wrapped the towel around his waist and joined the other men circulating like shadows in the corridors of the bathhouse.

that the Japanese could not identify units or compute the actual strength (or lack of strength) of the Wake garrison (Urwin 556). The Navy had an additional and even more compelling reason to minimize its role in Wake Island coverage: it had failed to rescue the defenders.

The U.S. Marines saw an opportunity to move into the vacuum created by the Navy's silence and inaction. In *Facing Fearful Odds*, Urwin discusses the emergence of the Marine Corps's spin doctors. Because of the Marines' hybrid role as warriors fighting on land to support naval operations, they struggled to retain their identity as separate from the Army and Navy. The USMC role had also changed over the last century in two important ways: improved technology had reduced the need for Marines to lead naval landing parties; better shipboard living conditions and more humane discipline for sailors had limited the Corps's policing duties (184-186). As Marine Corps lobbyists jockeyed with their Army and Navy counterparts for recognition, they "grew into insatiable publicity hounds" (186). Other historians concur with Urwin's assessment. In a private communication, Stanford professor emeritus Van Harvey cited military historian Dan Van Der Vat's description of the World War II Marine publicity machine as "one of the most aggressive and skilled operations of its kind" (qtd. from *The Pacific Campaign* 30).

As the siege wore on, a Honolulu report added to Wake Island mythology when it told how the defense garrison answered a query about aid with the defiant reply, "Send more Japs!" By December 16, mainland newspapers had picked up this inaccurate report. Soon the defenders' response was everywhere—cartoons, headlines, radio reports, newspapers. Urwin describes the report as "an outrageous travesty" that trivialized a deadly situation (Urwin 358). Both Cunningham and Devereux later emphatically denied having sent any such message.

After the island's surrender, USMC news reports continued to promote the role of Marines—and in particular the heroism of Major J. P. S. Devereux—in the Wake Island story. Hurd's December 25 report in the *New York Times* refers to the "garrison commanded by Major James P.S. Devereux" (Hurd 1). Urwin notes "curious omissions" in a December 24 press release, which identified thirteen Marine officers, 365 enlisted men, one Navy medical officer, and six Navy corpsmen among those captured after Wake's surrender. The same article identified Devereux as the garrison commander and did not refer to the participation of the Marine fighter squadron or the sailors attached to the naval air station. A later story on December 31 named USMC Major Putnam and the fighter squadron but incorrectly listed them as serving under Devereux (Urwin 556). Cressman agrees with Urwin, commenting that "the wartime press largely ignored Cunningham. Devereux emerged as the hero" (Cressman 261).

Confusion about Cunningham's command continued as highly placed government sources persisted in leaving him off reports. The Navy's short official report of 1942 (Heinl) never recognized Cunningham (or any other officer). President Roosevelt's remarks to the nation following Wake's surrender furthered the confusion. He sang the praises of "some four hundred United States Marines who...inflicted such great losses on the enemy" (qtd. in Moran 89). The Presidential Unit Citation of January 5, 1942, named the USMC 1st Defense Battalion and the USMC Wildcat fighter battalion (VMF-211) exclusively. The only commanders listed are Devereux and Putnam (Cunningham 299).

Cunningham's name did not appear anywhere, in fact, for almost two more weeks. Ironically, the Japanese were the first to acknowledge his presence. On January 18, 1942, the Associated Press received word that 1,235 servicemen and civilians had been captured on Wake. The report listed "Commander Winfield S. Cunningham, commander of the island," as one of the captives. When journalists questioned the identity of this otherwise unknown commander, the Navy said they could not confirm anything except to verify that his name was in the Navy Register. One day later, Navy publicists referred to Cunningham as "officer in charge of all naval operations as of December 7" (qtd. in Urwin, 557). As Cunningham later reported in *Wake Island Command*, "To most of my countrymen... I did not even exist" (245).

One of the most perniciously inaccurate wartime depictions of Wake and its command structure came from Hollywood when the film *Wake Island* appeared in August 1942. The naval commander ("Commander Roberts") is low-key, even passive; he dies about two-thirds of the way into the movie, and a Marine officer takes over command. As the film ends with "the issue is in doubt," the Marines all adhere to their "never surrender" code and die valiantly at the end. When the credits roll, the film identifies numerous consultants for the film—all from the United States Marine Corps.

Nine months after Cunningham's name surfaced briefly in print media, the September 22, 1942 edition of *Look* carried a storyboard account of the siege of Wake Island written by Don Wharton and illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt. Filled with superlatives such as "one of the most heroic and resourceful defenses ever put up by an

American force" and calling Wake "the Alamo of the 20th Century" (Wharton 39), the writer and artist tell a stirring tale. The Americans are muscular and resolute; the usually faceless "Japs" fall into the sea. The illustrations also include accurate drawings of key figures (probably drawn from photographs of the individuals)—including Devereux and Kinney—but Cunningham is nowhere to be found. In addition, the "historic radio message, bravest of the war: 'Urgent, enemy on island, the issue is in doubt'" is incorrectly attributed to Devereux, not Cunningham (38). The story is a stirring piece of the completely biased journalism common in wartime; anyone reading this article would take pride in the actions of the stouthearted and enterprising Wake defenders—and rightly so. However, Cunningham is completely missing in action. By contrast, phrases such as "A Jap fleet confronts Devereux at dawn on December 11" (41) create an image of Devereux fighting the enemy almost singlehandedly.



Wake Island mythology gained additional traction the following spring when from April 3-April 17, 1943, the weekly *Saturday Evening Post* printed a series of three articles (later turned into a book) entitled "Last Man Off Wake Island." Accompanied by photographs and illustrations, the *Post's* series on the Wake Island siege was "told to" Cecil Carnes by Lt. Col. Walter Bayler, USMC. Bayler arrived on Wake at the same time and on the same ship as Cunningham with orders to "establish facilities at the flying field for air-ground radio communications" (Bayler 12). He was also directed to move on to Midway when his work at Wake was completed and therefore was one of the fortunate few to be evacuated on the PBV seaplane on December 21. As the "last man," Bayler was also a key source in the Marine Corps's reconstruction of the events on Wake. Unfortunately, either due to Marine Corps boosterism or Bayler's faulty memory, the *Post* articles contained errors or omissions that exacerbated the confusion about Cunningham's role and fueled the subsequent controversy. Cunningham does not appear until the third part of the series—as the person "in charge of naval activities on the island" (27).

Later in the article, Cunningham puts in two more brief, passive appearances, finally sending Bayler on his way home on the departing seaplane.

Regardless of the inaccuracies about who was really in charge of Wake Island, one person did have the facts: Cunningham's wife, Louise. Having learned from the January 1942 Japanese reports that her husband was still alive and in Japanese hands, Mrs. Cunningham was astounded to hear from the Navy that officials could not confirm if "anyone of [her husband's] name had even been on Wake" (Cunningham 251). Cunningham goes on to describe how his wife contacted Wisconsin senator Robert M. LaFollette, who in turn got a promise from the Navy to "correct their mistake" (251). Despite these assurances, the *Baltimore Evening Sun* reported the very next day that the Navy statement "made it clear the command of the Wake Island garrison had been in Devereux's hands" (251). Clearly, however, Cunningham points out that the Navy was aware of his position as island commander because both he and Devereux were awarded the Navy Cross in absentia in March 1942. Even this belated recognition was a muted honor; the story in the *Washington Post* stated, "Among the officers receiving the Navy Cross was Maj. James P. Devereux...whose gallant stand at Wake Island already has been dramatically publicized. Other Navy Cross recipients from the Washington area included Commander Winfield Scott Cunningham" (qtd. in Cunningham 252).

Not easily deterred from continuing her battle with bureaucracy, Louise Cunningham appealed to President Franklin D. Roosevelt. After bombarding the White House with letters, she received correspondence from the President's naval aide conceding that "...Cunningham arrived at Wake Island a short time before that island was attacked by the Japanese... It has been recognized...that he was the senior officer present there and acknowledgment has been made of that fact" (qtd. in Cunningham 253). Although better than nothing, the admission was far from the recognition Mrs. Cunningham sought.

Louise Cunningham also took her one-woman crusade to Hollywood in appealing to producers of the *Wake Island* film to accurately depict the command structure in its portrayal of the battle. In his memoir, Cunningham describes how his wife sent telegrams to the producers and once again appealed to Navy public relations personnel—to no avail. In a final act of desperation, Louise tracked down Hollywood gossip columnist Louella Parsons at a San Francisco restaurant. Not surprisingly, she was rebuffed (255-257).

Although epic battles such as Iwo Jima, Palau, and Guadalcanal eclipsed Wake Island's desperate struggle, the modern-day Marine Corps owes its current reputation as a do-or-die force to the efforts of Wake's "Devil Dogs." After spending the war as POWs, these same "Devil Dogs" returned in 1945 to a very different America than the country they had left in 1941. Almost immediately after returning, Devereux and Cunningham each denied the "Send more Japs" story (Jones). Wake veterans also were treated to special showings of *Wake Island*, politely ignoring the glaring errors (Kinney, *Pilot* 163). However, as Urwin points out in *Facing Fearful Odds*, Wake Island was now an "event in the distant past too minor to be worth the trouble of rewriting history" (Urwin 557). Engagements with far-reaching global consequences had replaced Wake Island in the public imagination.

In *Wake Island: the Heroic Gallant Fight*, military novelist and historian Duane Schultz describes Devereux's "tumultuous" homecoming (at which he was given a new Buick). Cunningham's quiet re-entry was a sharp contrast (230). The commander waited patiently to be recognized for his leadership role in the Wake defense. He treasured a letter sent to Louise from Admiral King with assurances "that Commander Cunningham's part in the heroic defense of Wake Island will be given full acknowledgment and credit..." (qtd. in Cunningham 261). Invited to a homecoming reception for Devereux, "heroic defender of Wake" (qtd. in Cunningham 264), at Union Station in Washington, D.C., the major privately told Cunningham that "he would do everything in his power...to clear up the misunderstanding...about who had been in command on Wake" (264-265). Unfortunately, neither Devereux nor King honored the commitment.

## BY OVERLOOKING NAVAL COMMANDER CUNNINGHAM'S LEADERSHIP IN THE WAKE ISLAND DEFENSE, BOTH MILITARY AND MEDIA PROPAGATED MISINFORMATION THAT DAMAGED HIS REPUTATION WHILE FALSELY INFLATING ANOTHER'S.

Devereux quickly went to work on his memoirs, and a four-part series "This Is How It Was" appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* (interestingly, the same magazine as Bayler's series) in February-March 1946. The next year, the articles were the basis for his book *The Story of Wake Island*. In all accounts, Devereux inflated his own role in the defense of Wake, claiming that "Commander Cunningham designated me to coordinate the activities of the defense battalion and our aircraft" (Devereux 35). This statement alone misrepresents Major Putnam—who coordinated the air defense separately from Devereux's ground defense—as a subordinate rather than a colleague. Commander Cunningham is portrayed as a feckless desk jockey who doesn't command but rather asks, "Anything I can do?" (43). Other officers also received short shrift in Devereux's accounts and resented his showboating. Urwin quotes remarks from Major Potter: "I do know that Jim D. has learned to be very fond of hero worship and adulation. Through the years he has consistently pushed any competition—as he sees it—out of the picture" (qtd. in Devereux 558). Potter's comments ring true in light of Devereux's successful 1950 bid for a seat in the U.S. House of Representatives, a position he held for eight years (Schultz 230).

Nevertheless, the most serious disregard of Cunningham's role in the Wake Island siege came directly from the Marine Corps, not Devereux. *The Defense of Wake*, published in 1947, was the official monograph describing the entire event. Written by Lt. Col. Robert D. Heinl, the report claimed to be "an exhaustive study...of the whole operation" (qtd. in Urwin, 559). Heinl's bibliography is impressive, but objectivity was clearly not on his agenda. Indeed, he never interviewed Cunningham even though he was well aware of inconsistencies in Devereux's accounts. In *Fearful Odds*, Urwin also points out that although Heinl operated as the officer in charge of the Historical Section in the Marine Corps Division of Public Information, that same office had been known as the Division of Public Relations until the end of the war. In fact, Urwin asserts, Heinl was a passionate "partisan" for the Marine Corps, who also worked as a lobbyist, "hobnobbing with congressmen, press lords, and journalists to create an atmosphere conducive to the passage of pro-Marine legislation" (559). The timing of the monograph was also important: Marines saw the National Defense Act of 1947 as an attempt by the Army and Navy to jeopardize the USMC's hard-won status by post-war reductions in staffing, matériel, and combat assignments (560). To maintain the recent image of (and funding for) the Marines as America's premier fighting force, Heinl presented the defense of Wake Island as a USMC-only effort that contrasted sharply with Army and Navy blunders in Hawaii

and the Philippines in the war's early days. To this day, according to Stanford student and former Marine William Treseder, "Wake Island is part of USMC lore and as such is taught in basic training" (n.p.).

Not satisfied with inflating the role of the Marines in general and Devereux in particular, Heinl also attacked Cunningham's character and that of his wife Louise. In *Fearful Odds*, Urwin discusses a "restricted memorandum" that Heinl entered in the Historical Section's manuscripts. In this memo, he criticized Cunningham's character and professional reputation; Heinl also insinuated that Louise Cunningham was emotionally unstable and that the Cunningham marriage—which lasted for thirty-seven years until Admiral Cunningham's death—was rocky. Urwin also contends that Heinl told people in private conversations that Cunningham had a "difficult" personality and was too inexperienced to properly exercise command (560).

In an effort to set the record straight, Cunningham eventually published his own memoir, *Wake Island Command*, in 1961, but his efforts came too late to dislodge the legend that had become fixed in the collective memory of the Corps. Although he tried to have Roosevelt's January 1942 Presidential Unit Citation amended to include his name, military officials and attorneys agreed that such a change would not be possible because President Roosevelt, the man who had issued the citation in April 1945, had died. He also got support from other Wake Island defenders, such as Dan Teters, the leader of the civilian contractors, who commented, "I have never seen any legitimate grounds for Devereux getting such a hell of a play" (qtd. in Schultz 223). Schultz points out that Cunningham:

... shared equally in the dangers, but unequally in later reward...On the wide and jarring canvas of the whole war, Cunningham's personal tragedy is insignificant, but in the life of a career military officer, it is a catastrophe of dramatic proportions. (224)

Cunningham—having achieved the rank of rear admiral—retired from the military in 1950. At the ceremony, he wore "with some bitterness" the Presidential Unit Citation ribbon (Cunningham 299); although the written citation did not include his name and instead listed two of his subordinates as commanders, military officials begrudgingly allowed Cunningham to wear the medal. In 1953, the Wake dead were reburied in a military cemetery in Honolulu, and organizers sent invitations to a ceremony to honor the occasion to Devereux and others. Ignored again, Cunningham did not find out about the event until several years later. Surely the commander of America's first defensive battle against the Japanese deserved better.

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## PACIFIC HIGH

by Sally Lindsay Honey

Rolling, pitching, yawing, rhythmic ocean passage slows.  
Swaying mast stands straight, swelling sails hang limp.  
Working lines, once taut in creaking sheaves, relax.  
Singing waves awash against the hull hush quiet.  
Forward motion of the last eight days slows and slows  
and slows again.

Steps on deck, once timed to undulating waves,  
Muffled in the sea's mysterious symphony,  
Now thud dull, mundane as earthbound tread,  
Unnatural in this watery domain.

With floating home arrested on ocean strange serene,  
We dive into the still, salty surround,  
Swim off into the briny plane, interfaced  
Between supporting liquid and sustaining air.  
From afar, our vessel hangs suspended in cerulean  
sweep.

Water merges into sky,  
The hull below the surface distinct as that above.  
Straight down, the sun-streaked depths shade from  
blue to black,  
Province below impenetrable ink filled beyond view  
With creatures miniscule to massive, benign to pitiless.

We clamber back aboard diminished ark,  
Licking salt from stinging lips  
And shiver dry in the hot still.  
Adjusted to the novelty, we spark the engine and  
Throaty percussive thump restores our forward impetus.  
We move ahead once more, unnaturally,  
Foiling wind gods who would trap us here for days,  
For weeks perhaps.

We would not choose to navigate this route  
If not convinced we'd overcome its ceaseless calm.  
We carry ample fuel to cross the center of its gyre,  
Long to confront the legendary vastness  
Shunned by mindful ships in age of sail.  
We scrutinized the North Pacific pilot charts,  
Distillations gathered over centuries of weather  
observations,  
Showing likely wind strengths and directions for  
each month  
In every sector of the oceans all around the world.

To the North blow westerlies and south the easterlies.  
In this vast sector, naught but calm.  
If limited to sail alone,  
We could be trapped here for eternity.

At night we kill the engine to better grasp this alien realm.  
Thrumming fades to silence; momentum eases to  
a stop.

Bright flickers pepper moonless sky as if galactic  
light source

Pierces tiny fissures in protective film stretched near  
to tearing.

But the stars don't hesitate at the horizon.

There is no horizon, the sea so still

Unnumbered sparks reflect in all directions perfectly,  
From overhead to down below where hull impales  
now-vanished sea.

We hang in a gigantic fishbowl, nothing but the void  
beyond our petty sphere.

All else we thought we knew has vanished.

There is no world but these few miles, devoid of  
outside life and time.

In awe we ponder how this fits assumptions  
Of our own corporeality.

A sudden light streak tears the film above, but  
Instantly it seals to encapsulate us once again.

Never have I felt so insignificant,

So overwhelmed by universal presence.

Dismembered from the tactile globe we thought  
we knew,

We float, a solitary pod of life-sustaining needs  
In infinite abyss.

Our spaceship speck suspended in vacuity.

At dawn we persevere through silent ocean waste,

Parting dusty water, leaving nothing in our wake,

Until we see an object drifting in our track.

We stop, scoop up a skull-sized green glass ball,

Enmeshed in roughly knotted sisal rope.

Snug between the lays and hairy fibers,

Small crabs and snails and barnacles

Cluster in obedience to life's imperatives:

Minute universe in unmarked and endless latitude.

## Bloody Struggle

by Eric Brown

*The Plundering of Resources in the Congo,  
and its Legacy of Sexual Violence*

THE STORY OF THESE TWO ACTIVISTS, OVER A CENTURY APART, REVEALS A PARALLEL HORROR

In 1898, a twenty-four-year-old British shipping clerk named E. D. Morel made a shocking discovery: the ships in Antwerp, Belgium that were delivering goods from the Congo were unloading vast amounts of raw materials, but were sending little more than guns back in return. Morel correctly deduced that Belgium was plundering the Congo's resources, and he launched a campaign to expose Belgium's crime. Recalling the moment when the Congo, a territory nearly the size of India, was handed to Belgium, a country the size of the state of Maryland, Morel wrote:

Thus, with the stroke of a pen, King Leopold abolished the rights of the natives to the land and its products; thus he swept away their liberty, and the liberty of others, to trade in rubber and ivory; thus he reduced a population of millions of free men and women to virtual slavery; thus he arrogated to himself and his friends the absolute ownership of the vast wealth of the whole of the Congo basin .... (Morel 63)

In 2009, Lynn Nottage won the Pulitzer Prize for her play *Ruined*, which explored the horrors of sexual violence in the Congo, and helped shed light on a problem of which few people were aware. The story of these two activists, over a century apart, reveals a parallel horror—the plunder of a resource-rich Congo, and its legacy of rape, mutilation, and despair. Has either of these activists made a difference? In both cases, the answer is a qualified yes. By highlighting the abuses of the day in compelling ways, Morel and Nottage have both been important advocates of movements to improve the lives of people in the Congo.

The Congo is blessed—or cursed—with vast mineral wealth, including diamonds, copper, cobalt, gold, and minerals used in consumer electronic devices. Tara O'Connor, the founder of a company in Johannesburg called Africa Risk Consulting, says, "Geologists just go into raptures about Congo...The copper just bursts through the earth, and geologists wander around in a haze of ecstasy" (Behar). This abundance of mineral wealth, and the profits that go with it, has come to be known as the "resource curse," which has had murderous consequences across the continent (Auty). In fact, mineral resources can paradoxically make a poor country even poorer. A 2002 United Nations study examining the illegal exploitation of natural resources in the Congo suggests that, in addition to making that country even more impoverished, the presence of rich natural resources has made the Congo much more dangerous (Kassen).

It has ever been thus. In the 1870s, Belgium's King Leopold II realized that the riches of the Congo were available for the taking, and he set about to colonize the region for the purpose of draining it of its natural resources. Then the natural resources worth killing for were ivory (used for everything from dentures to piano keys) and later, rubber (used for automobile tires and wiring insulation for electrical systems that would drive an industrial revolution). Leopold's conquest could satisfy two goals: he could make himself extremely wealthy by stealing the Congo's resources, and he could acquire much land for tiny Belgium. Leopold's conquest was brutal. With astonishing efficiency, he established trading posts on the Congo River and created a private army that used murder, rape, and amputation to compel Congolese natives to harvest ivory and rubber.

Morel began an energetic public lobbying campaign to expose Leopold's crimes. He started a weekly publication called the *West African Mail* to highlight abuses in the Congo, and wrote books and articles, and gave countless speeches on the subject. He finally succeeded in persuading the British Parliament to pass a resolution protesting Belgium's activities there, and the British Foreign Office ordered its consul in the Congo to investigate. Morel convinced Mark Twain and other celebrities to take up his cause. Arthur Conan Doyle, the famed author of the Sherlock Holmes stories, devoted an entire book to the topic. Doyle acknowledges Morel's leadership on the issue, although he laments Morel's failure to be sufficiently effective in the court

of public opinion. "Mr. E. D. Morel has done the work of ten men, and the Congo Reform Association has struggled hard with very scanty means; but their time and energies have, for the most part, been absorbed in dealing with each fresh phase of the situation as it arose . . ." (Conan Doyle vii). To be fair to Morel, he almost singlehandedly ran a woefully underfunded advocacy organization that sought to remove King Leopold, an internationally recognized sovereign, from power.

Morel succeeded, to a point. In 1908, in part due to pressure inspired by Morel, Leopold was finally forced to relinquish his interest in the Congo, although Morel was surely unsatisfied by the outcome. Leopold convinced the Belgian government to pay him more than \$1 billion in today's dollars in the transaction (Hochschild 277). There were some reductions in violence, but the Congo, after Leopold, did not change significantly. Stefan Heym acknowledges that, while the Congo Free State was taken away from Leopold, it was then annexed to Belgium.

The profits, instead of being sifted through Leopold's fingers, flowed directly into the vaults of the corporations, Belgian, British, and American. Under the benevolent rule of the Belgian parliament, the atrocity of the cutting off of human hands was discontinued, but not so the practice of forced labor. (Heym *Introduction*)

Eighty-four years after Morel's death in 1924, a time traveler to today's Congo, or to Chicago's Goodman Theatre stage, where Lynn Nottage's play *Ruined* debuted in 2008, would be forgiven for recognizing the place too well. The intervening years have not been kind to the people of the Congo, which remains desperately poor and horribly violent. Many volumes have been written about the causes of the current state of affairs, but a catalogue would include: the failure of the Belgians to provide infrastructure or education during their reign; the willingness of western states to prop up murderous dictators to persuade them to align with the West and against the Soviet Union during the Cold War; and, of course, the presence of valuable mineral wealth that could be used to finance warlords in a lawless country.

Nottage provides her theater audience with a deeply unsettling glimpse of the modern Congo. In place of the imperial Belgian oppressors, who once conscripted local Congolese people into their army to manage the ivory and rubber trade, the people of the Congo now suffer under local thugs and warlords, who fight with each other over the spoils of the local mines. In order to maintain control and ensure the loyalty of their troops, they murder with impunity, conscript children as soldiers, and systematically rape women who are unfortunate enough to live in the war zone. Nottage's play is set in a brothel in a mining camp, and explores the lives of the women who have become the innocent victims of a failed state. Whereas Morel provided some of the most effective documentation to date of the atrocities of the last century, complete with undeniable photographic evidence, Nottage is among the first playwrights to give a glimpse into the emotional lives of the victims of the current crisis.

Nottage's Pulitzer Prize (she would also receive a MacArthur Foundation "Genius" award) has provided an opportunity for her to advocate for the rights of women and against the conflict in the Congo. On a research visit to Africa in 2004, she toured refugee camps in western Uganda, where she interviewed women who had fled the violence in eastern Congo:

"I knew there was a story that wasn't being told by the media, and a story that I couldn't conjure from the library, and I was really quite surprised when I got there the extent to which women told tales of rape and abuse, and their narratives were remarkably similar," she told Charlie Rose in an interview in 2009. (Rose) "I was just astonished that rape had become a horrific tool of war, but that it was not part of a collective discussion about the war in the Congo." (Nottage)

In interviews, Nottage seems relatively hopeful about the future for the women of the Congo, despite the horror of the circumstances that her play's characters endure. She told Charlie Rose, "I do think that there are reasons to be optimistic; that it's not a completely hopeless situation. I think that there is a movement afoot to bring tools to women to help themselves. There are many people in positions of power that are beginning to hear the call" (Rose). Perhaps she is correct. Nottage has been part of a significant response from the international community that has begun to focus on the issue of rape in the Congo. In May 2000, excerpts of *Ruined* were performed in association with a United States Senate hearing on violence against women in conflict, just weeks after the play won the Pulitzer Prize. Organizers of that hearing went on to pass legislation that may change how foreign companies operate in the Congo (US Congress).

Morel and Nottage each stood in opposition to powerful forces. The Congo's mineral wealth is no less

valuable to outsiders today than it was in 1900, and the consequences are no less catastrophic. In Morel's day, mining companies established footholds in the country and did as they pleased; enslaving their workforce, establishing their own armies, and meting out punishment as they chose. The situation today is shockingly similar. Violence against women in this anarchic climate remains a terrible problem. In a United States Senate hearing on the topic held in 2009, Senator Russ Feingold explicitly linked the resource curse with violence against women:

Despite efforts to curb the violence, mass atrocities and widespread sexual violence and rape continue at an alarming rate. Some have justifiably labeled eastern Congo as 'the worst place in the world to be female' . . . One of the underlying reasons this crisis persists is the exploitation and illicit trade in natural resources . . . (Feingold)

In 2010, the United Nations released a report that revealed repeated instances of mass rapes committed by a criminal network within the Congolese army known as Mai Mai Sheka (Kasem). As *New York Times* reporter Nicholas Kristof notes, "Congo has become the world capital of rape, torture and mutilation" (Kristof). According to a study published in June, 2011 in the *American Journal of Public Health*, the problem of sexual violence against women is much worse than had been previously understood. The study estimated that that 400,000 females aged 15-49 were raped over a 12-month period in 2006 and 2007. This translates to forty eight rapes per hour, or nearly one per minute (Peterman 1060-1067).

Stopping the violence, and the illegal mining that drives it, will not be easy because there is a significant financial incentive to maintain the status quo. As a recent article in the online investment newsletter *OTC Investor* shows, mining in the Congo is extremely lucrative, notwithstanding the moral hazard involved:

With \$24 trillion in natural resources within its borders, Congo represents an enormous untapped opportunity for investors. While conflicts and corruption have kept larger companies at bay, smaller companies operating under-the-radar may be able to realize significant profits, (Kuepper).

That an investment newsletter would express optimism about profits in the face of such suffering suggests that, in addition to a lack of concern about human rights, the market is cynically betting on the status quo.

Fortunately, Lynn Nottage is by no means the only writer interested in exposing the crime of violence against women in the Congo, although her Pulitzer Prize has made her among the most prominent. The playwright Eve Ensler, most noted for her play *The Vagina Monologues*, launched a campaign in 2007 that gave voice to women who have been victimized by the violence in the Congo. She began raising funds for a rape center to treat women, and sought to give women a platform to speak out against violence. As the *New York Times* noted, "Her hope is to build an army of rape survivors who will push with an urgency — that has so far been absent — for a solution to end Congo's ceaseless wars" (Gettleman). *New York Times* reporter and columnist Nicholas Kristof has also written a series of forceful columns chronicling the lives of women who have been caught up in the violence.

There are other reasons for hope. One legislative effort to address the resource curse will require all energy and mining companies listed with the Securities and Exchange Commission to disclose the payments they make to governments when mining or drilling for oil or gas in foreign countries. Global development experts have viewed this legislation as having the potential to reduce corruption and to make sure that more profits are returned to workers (*Revenue Watch*). An even more ambitious section of the new legislation will require companies whose products contain so-called "conflict minerals" to disclose whether their products contain materials from the Congo, and the steps the company has taken to avoid sourcing products from mines controlled by armed insurgent groups (US Congress).

There is nevertheless considerable debate among Congo observers about whether the legislation will achieve its goals. Noted Congo observer Laura Seay is skeptical. In a January, 2012 paper for the Center for Global Development, Seay writes:

(the law) has created a *de facto* ban on Congolese mineral exports, put anywhere from tens of thousands up to two million Congolese miners out of work in the eastern Congo, and, despite ending most of the trade in Congolese conflict minerals, done little to improve the security situation or the daily lives of most Congolese. (Seay)

Jason Stearns, a former principal investigator for the United Nations, is more optimistic:

The end of this story is still unwritten. If donors can invest heavily in traceability schemes, reas-

suring investors while holding them to account, this initiative could make a significant difference. But if donors do not follow up, the conflict minerals initiative will go into the sizeable dust bin of failed international initiatives to rescue the Congo. (Stearns)

While recent legislation may be helpful, most development and human rights experts say that the effects of the current violence in the Congo could take a generation to overcome. Some activists are not confident that a solution is at hand, or that publicity about the problems is enough to solve them. Human rights lawyer Kate Cronin-Furman told the Voice of America:

Awareness is not enough to solve problems, . . . The issue right now is not that people do not know this is happening. . . it has been all over the international media for years at this point. The issue is that when a state fails and there is no security apparatus in place it is incredibly difficult to deal with mass crime. (Columbant)

Nevertheless, the interest generated by the play *Ruined* is part of an effective lobbying effort by advocacy organizations.

In my interviews with Capitol Hill staffers during the preparation of this paper, they repeatedly mentioned the Enough Project and its energetic Executive Director John Prendergast as the single most effective advocacy organization lobbying Congress to help the Congo. The Enough Project fights to end genocide and crimes against humanity, focused on areas where some of the world's worst atrocities occur.

While E. D. Morel might have felt that his efforts were too little and too late, it is unlikely that Leopold would have been removed from the Congo when he was without Morel's activism. Some conditions in the Congo improved under the Belgian government as a result of Leopold's removal. Perhaps more important, Morel's body of work still has salience a century later. Leopold's legacy, thanks largely to Morel, will forever be that of a murderer and a thief. Given the continuing violence and dislocation in the Congo today, some might be tempted to say that the work of Morel and Nottage was necessary but not sufficient. This may be true, but it is clear that their contributions have helped advance an extremely important cause.

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#### CONTRIBUTORS

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ERIC BROWN (*The Congo*) is a third-year MLA student. By day he is the Communications Director at the William and Flora Hewlett Foundation. His interest in central African politics was inspired by a trip to Rwanda in 2009, in which the country seemed remarkably tidy and functional, in contrast to its neighbors. Eric's future research is likely to examine the relationship between Rwanda and the Congo.

CANDY CARTER (*Wake Island*) is a fourth generation Californian, a sixth generation teacher, and a second-year MLA student. She taught English for 40 years in public secondary schools. She grew up in San Jose and returned to the Bay Area after thirty years in the Sierras to be near family and to be part of the MLA program. She loves the 17th century, enjoys genealogy, and likes reading and seeing Shakespearean plays. She has been happily married for 41 years. Her stepfather was a pilot at the Battle of Wake Island.

SALLY LINDSAY HONEY (Poem: *Pacific High*) grew up on the East Coast sailing with her father and has continued sailing all her life. She was awarded an undergraduate degree from the University of Pennsylvania in Cultural Anthropology and an MLA degree from Stanford University, emphasizing literature and poetry. She owned/ran a sailmaking and industrial sewing business in Palo Alto for twenty-eight years, and now manages a non-profit business providing communication services for sailors at sea. She volunteers for several sailing groups. She is married to a professional sailor and has one married son.

LAURA MOORE (*Tolkien*) is a third-year MLA student. She taught at a private high school for thirteen years before retiring to the quieter world of accounting at Northwestern Mutual. Among her interests are traveling, gardening, singing, and playing with her nieces and nephews.

TIM NOAKES (Poem: *Descent from Hemlock's Mountain*) is a third-year MLA student. After graduating from the University of Notre Dame, he spent many years racing his bike throughout Europe and the United States. He currently works in the Department of Special Collections at Stanford University, and plans to write his thesis about the World War I poet, David Jones.

SHERYL NONNENBERG (*The Other Stein Salon*). Since graduating from the MLA program in 2000, Sheryl Nonnenberg has done research/writing for private art collector Chara Schreyer. In addition, she is a consultant for the City of Carmel, assisting in the management of the city's art collection. After completing her MLA thesis, Sheryl said she would never write another word again. The MLA program taught her to never say never.

KATHERINE ORLOFF (Poem: *I love you ...*) is currently pursuing her MLA at Stanford University. She received her BA in English from the University of California, Irvine in 2002. She is also a professional ballet and modern dancer and currently performs with Amaranth Contemporary Dance Company. This past summer she attended Oxford University's English Literature program at Exeter College. While at home she divides her time between performing, teaching dance, writing poetry, and her academic pursuits. She finds inspiration in Walt Whitman, Yosemite, the African philosophy of Ubuntu, and her two-year-old niece, who is the biggest and brightest spirit she has ever encountered.

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